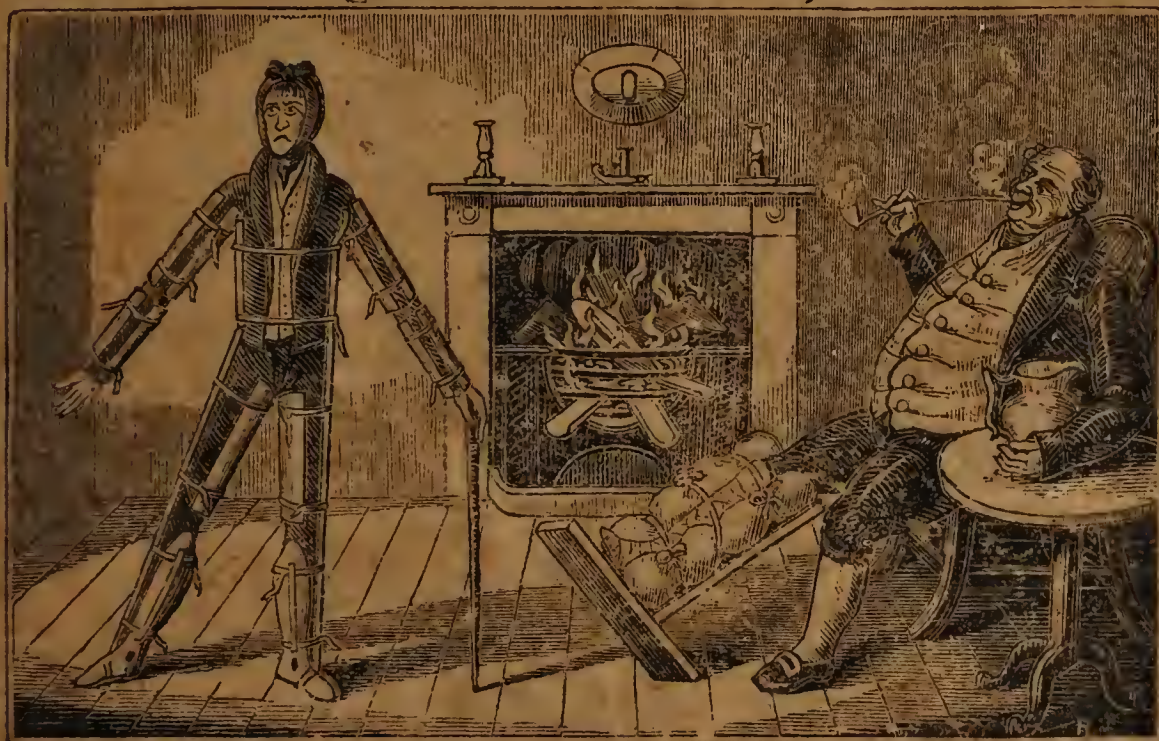


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THE
ANTI-SPLINT BOOK.



SPLINTS AND THE PILLOW;

ART OPPOSING NATURE;

OR, THE

ANCIENT AND MODERN SYSTEMS OF FRACTURE SURGERY
LUDICROUSLY CONTRASTED.

RADLEY, W.C.

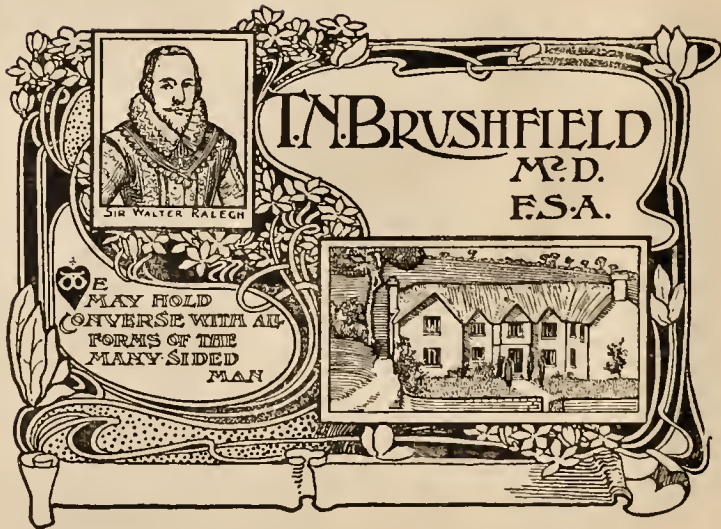
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ANTI-SPLINT BOOK:

FRIENDLY HINTS

ADDRESSED TO

The Youth of the Rising Generation:

RECOMMENDING THEM TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR LIMBS.

By A SURGEON.



BE wise, and take care,
And of *splints* beware,
When you break an arm ;
(I warn you of harm,)
For much you'll complain
Of surgical pain ;

And cry like a hare,
If a splint you wear ;
If then you've brain,
From splints refrain,
For splints give pain.

LONDON :

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1849.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are ostensibly addressed to young persons who are curious to learn, and a very proper curiosity it is for them betimes to know, what sort of a world they are ushered into.

To those who are older, and may feel at a loss to understand why the subject of fractures is presented in an unusual form to the public, the writer briefly states that his design is original; as a glance at the outside of this little book, as well as within, may convince them.

The design is humane also, and is intended to prove that the old system of fracture treatment, too well known to some of them, comprising hard galling splints, fracture boxes, (and pretty boxes they are, certainly, to pack sore limbs in,) with all the uncouth apparatus for fractured parts, are pain-giving things, are unworthy public confidence, and should be scouted from society.

It is not intended to make a grave and laboured appeal to those who, like myself, have begun to grow grey in the world's all-withering orb; a more detailed narration of facts is in progress for their consideration. For the present, let it suffice to say, that my opinions and practice in the affairs before us, illustrated by some score of successful cases, were addressed to medical men in the *Lancet*; where they may be read by those who wish a knowledge of the facts and arguments which are there presented to their notice. The dates are October 31st, and November 14th and 21st, 1835; and are the records of my practice in fracture treatment by "soft and easy" methods, for about twenty years previous to that time.

A subject rather dry and uninteresting this, no doubt, appears to some of my young readers who may peruse thus far! But with the help of patience it shall not be a dry-bone subject for them always; whilst to others who are sour and morose, or who are proud and fond of etiquette, this attempt to do good by pointing out new modes of relieving pain in a popular way, will, doubtless, excite hostility. The critics also will snarl,

"For 'tis their nature to;"

and in their behalf I rejoice rather, that a new mark is now placed for them to shoot at; for they must live.

The genius of the noble Byron, and the excellence of virtue and

youthful talent in a Kirke White, could not shield them from your malevolence ; therefore do your worst by me, who have no pretensions to aught of business on Parnassus, except lightly to convey, and on that sublime beacon grouping as a mark, the collective whole of “splints and fracture apparatus of sorts,” for the wits in the profession to fire them, and scatter their ashes hereafter. Some may condole for the loss of such “ancient allies ;” but to the public, who suffer their infliction, they will be no loss : on the contrary, hard is the lot of him who bears them ! very hard indeed.

Having thus far rated and attempted to set down the redoubtable splint, that production of high antiquity, coeval, perhaps, with the first fracture misfortune endured on our earth ; what substitute do we propose in its stead ? Children, what d’ye think ? Why a linen bandage, a soft feather pillow, and moist applications.

And these simple appliances are at some period, near or more remote, destined to supplant all the hard, galling, pinching, squeezing, and rack-like overstretching miserable mechanisms that have ever tortured fractured patients.

What a bonnie thing is an iron, a tin, or a board splint, to be fastened on a sore and painfully broken limb for weeks and months together ! Would you not rather choose to rest it on a soft pillow ? To be sure you would. And what hinders it from being the mode, instead of the many barbarous splints ? Custom, prejudice, and fear, alone are the hinderances that prevent. Fond parents are afraid to trust the precious limbs of their endeared children, on so soft a basis. Surgeons are afraid of crooked limbs ; and thus having been educated by those who were alike afraid before them, hold fast the preconceived opinions, and still prefer king Log. In mercy, now, do not pull so hard on the splint ! Do relax them a little ; be persuaded you may with safety ; ay, with honour to yourselves and advantage to your patient.

Are ye afraid your patients with their fractured legs will run away from you, that ye bind them down so unmercifully tight to your massive wooden apparatuses, ye professors of ages ? O no ; a child, nature’s first favourite, will lie passive, and forego for a while all his playful frolics, when cast down by fracture, though no bands shall bind him but a strapped pillow. And if a mere babe, unconscious of evil, or of the nature of such an accident or its consequences, shall thus lie still ; how much more will an adult person gladly repose in rest and quietness, if he is not molested by the mistaken appliances of art ? Rather, then, tie a splint-clog to the leg of him who runs a foot race ; than erroneously think to expedite the cure of fractures by such uncouth appendages. They are calculated to alter the course,

and to derange the curative order of nature, instead of forwarding to happy restorations.

True it is that splints having been so long in fashion, great efforts will be required to oust them from society. In deed and in truth, they have all the gothic barbarism of the early ages to recommend them. They are as old as the flood; I think much older; and good would it have been for humanity, outraged by their inflictions, could some flood of moral force long since have swept them away.

Arduous indeed is it to combat old systems, and the long-established though perverted views of social man. For, say some, who having seen, well know the merits of our plan,—“In spite of all the acknowledged merits of your invention, you will not in your lifetime eradicate prejudice on the subject. Not only are the long-established prejudices of your professional brethren opposed to innovation, and of course to your invention of the pillow treatment in fractures; but worse still, the settled and undisturbed prejudices of the people themselves who suffer, are against you. The public, too, are strangely negligent of inventions offered solely for their advantage; while splints and fracture-boxes are deemed indispensable by the million throughout the world; and yet all those prejudices, and fixed customs, and habits of life in such cases established, you have, single-handed, begun to oppose.”

Ay, and I will continue to disturb such mistaken notions, and endeavour to change the practice by offering a better and a safer substitute for the execrable splint; for *we* have the best of the argument against it. On our side are reason and natural truth. The most successful practice is ours; and it is in accordance with the all-glorious dictates of humanity. I can now joyfully say, this improved mode is *ours*; for no longer are my efforts single-handed: other medical men of brighter talent than mine, and on whom the gifts of fortune and of fame are more bountifully showered, have taken the same happy side of the question; and in its results they are making valuable discoveries for themselves and the whole family of man, and they must prevail.

Until of late, the propriety of splintering in fractures was never doubted; but we now lead on to the attack; and others will follow; and the multitude will for themselves soon choose the same way, in which their own interest is to be found. In the future management of fractures by pillowing, they will be restored with greater ease, safety, and rapidity, than by any other method.

We are aware that from time to time objectors will arise; and the great and good change now promulgated, may, in its progress, be unworthily impeded;—what good thing is not?

But I challenge such objectors to prove when, or where, or by whom splint law has been scrutinized by any process of ratiocination.

Let them show us if they can where it is founded on any one deduction of sound philosophy; or whether it has any thing to support its fancied usefulness, but broad assertion, and long-established custom.

All men are ready to allow that splints are evils in themselves, that cannot be reconciled as an application congenial to a sore and painful limb; but still, say they, it is expedient to use them, nor can we conduct the cure without them.

Facts shall prove that the reason assigned is fallacious, that the expedient is despicable, and that happier results can be arrived at by means milder, safer, and more friendly to nature.

If then there is nothing to advance in defence of the old system but expediency, and reasonings on mechanical principles that in pathology once bore sway, but which chemical science has for ever exploded, soon to become obsolete; why in that case quickly abandon it, and with a good grace yield to the non-splinterers the palm.

Some of my young readers may think that splints and splint law are not quite so bad as represented, and that the entire system does not deserve such utter reprobation. Examine, then, for yourselves, and let your humane feelings be excited in these matters, by a walk through the fracture wards of some public hospital, and there contemplate the unfortunate inmates writhing under the pain of fracture, aggravated by some one or other of the wretched appendages I have taken the reluctant duty to reflect on. Some are outstretched on wooden machines, called, politely enough, "fracture apparatus." Others in mid-winter's cold, are elevated high in air upon some uncouth pieces of props and bars, there to recover their functions as they may. Some are wedged tight in that worst of all boxes, the fracture box: whilst others lie fast bound in splints, outstretched on their backs or otherwise firmly braced for days, ay, weeks together; to catch comfort how they're able, and a doze if they can.

But of all the punishing malcontrivances of art misapplied, that I ever saw used or abused in fracture surgery, the fracture box is the worst. I lately beheld, in a public hospital too, but no matter where, a poor young fellow's leg jammed into one of these boxes, so tight, without even a bandage on; while the contortions of his countenance, from the violence of the pressure, forcibly recalled to my mind the method of torture by "the Spanish iron boot," that you may view with other ancient engines in the Tower of London, and the operation of which is so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather."

Besides such forces, other odd contrivances have been resorted to; all of a one-sided complexion, bearing the lineaments of rudeness in their application. Instead of a limb being gently restrained by mild means, it has been violently controlled by mechanism, formed of materials incongruous with, and unfriendly to, nerve, tendon, and muscular fibre; and powerful is the constraint they have imposed. And this is the way, O Britons, in which fractures have hitherto been conducted! I therefore denounce and condemn the rude force of wood and iron bars, as opposed to every curative law; as opposed to the interest of the community; and to every sound principle in nature, which is true philosophy.

Ye British youths, who will one day rise to be men of wealth and influence, join this my protest against such cruel kindnesses, and assist in reforming the malpractice; that splint and galling apparatus may be banished from our fracture wards, where scientific men will at a future period scout them; where they will no longer torture poor patients; and where they will be laughed at by some, or reflected on by others with horror. Of a kindred class to these modern evils, were the old cauterizing or burning irons, which the surgeons of former days (ignorant of tourniquet and ligature) used to apply to the bleeding stumps of their patients in amputation, to stanch the blood. *What the tourniquet and ligature are in amputation, the strapped pillow and bandage are in fractures; and the improvement of the latter in surgery is as great as the former.* The difference is that in the first case sudden and dreadful pangs are obviated; and in the other a long and protracted period of punishment; and of the two, the last is the worst, because indefinite in its duration.

Accept, then, the "soft and easy" means instead of the "hard and painful" appliances of art. Instead of iron, wood, and tin splints, I offer you a soft feather pillow with medicaments. The former means are neither simple nor true to nature; the latter both. The former violates the simplicity of nature's intentions; by the latter her benisons are courted.

I hasten to offer some plain facts to prove that pillow and bandage may be trusted, and are worthy of general adoption in the future treatment of fractures: first comparatively by relating a case or two out of many, where the lower animals have been thus successfully treated. To young persons exclusively I address this part of my preface; because children are fond of animated nature; and the lad who caresses a pet sparrow or a wounded fowl with tenderness, will not when arrived at manhood be prone to cruelty. Having myself also four sons and as many daughters, will make it easily understood why my interest is much identified with the rising generation.

By the splintering method, men's and boy's limbs, and those of lovely woman too, are basely lashed fast to splint or appa-

tus for weeks and months onward ; being very seldom untied, unless to ascertain how the fracture progresses towards restoration. Now this is treatment the severity of which a dog cannot, need not be made to endure.

CASE 1.—A fine fox-hound called *Ardent*, belonging to one of Sir Walter Carew's packs, was flung at by a vicious mongrel horse, and a broken thigh was the consequence. Poor Ardent patiently lay with some linen bandage on, secured only by adhesive plaster, for the first three days ; but afterwards he most industriously gnawed off whatever was applied to it. He lay still of his own will instinctively, without pieces of board or a tin case for a splint ; and did very well, getting fat the while, hunting several seasons afterwards to the great satisfaction of his kind master.

CASE 2.—Three years since a fine pigeon, of the African white importation, lay in the path, and very quietly allowed me to take him up. His injury was a broken leg. The feathers were smoothed down, and some strips of adhesive plaster were applied around the whole, surrounded by its natural feathers. Thus the poor bird's limb was treated with close analogy to the pillowy mode. He was gently placed in a box of straw, from whence he hopped on the sound leg to his corn and water, patiently returning to his box directly after each meal. After three days he flew away to join his out-door companions. His attachment has been firm and continuous ever since ; and I have the pleasure of seeing and feeding him every day.

CASE 3.—An aged pony was cured of fracture of the hind leg by bandages dipped in a hot solution of carpenters' glue, enclosed by a case of parallel boards, sideways, between which the animal's leg slid up and down. After some mishaps, from the foolish creature leaning all her weight on the fractured side, she recovered, and now carries a lady.

Here some Zoilus, in or out of the profession of healing, may sneer that a surgeon should write of the means of curing fracture in a dog, a pigeon, or a pony. I reply, that by the study of *comparative anatomy*, from the structure of brute animal bodies and their functions, medical men, reasoning from analogy, have arrived at conclusions for the benefit of mankind. Moreover, the same Power which formed our limbs made theirs ; both liable to fractures and like accidents ; and curable by methods bearing similarity. Therefore philosophic man, imitative of the Great Being who must have created them, views all his creatures with interest, admires their habits ; and while he dreads some of them, feels love and pity for others.

Medical men, then, reason from analogy ; and drawing inferences from facts offered to their notice by the lower animals, make them of utility to men.

I observed that in three days the dog and bird offered proof

that should not be mistaken, (for *instinct* is the directing voice of God uttered by their actions,) which told very plainly they required no further assistance for their broken limbs, but to be fed and kindly treated.

What is the general inference to be drawn herefrom?

Why that a fracture treated with gentleness, requires a very short lapse of time to place the limb in ordinary accidents out of the reach of danger: and that avoiding roughness of usage, this first season of danger being passed, with common care a speedy restoration follows.

Is it comparatively so in man? we infer it is. It must be so; for we have instinct, which is the voice of Deity, asserting it. I shall give three cases out of at least three score in store. The first is of a little boy, John Bickford, the son of Mr. Bickford, farmer, of Preston, near Newton Abbott. A heavy weight fell across his thigh, which was badly fractured. I found him a most turbulent little fellow, with a self-willed temper of nearly four years' growth. He was soothed, and his thigh placed on a pillow, looped up with some old ribbon.

Report, second day, Oct. 8th, 1836.—Found he had been very restless in the night; and in the morning, about his usual time of rising, he made a most determined attempt to get up; rising in bed for that purpose, he fell back again, uttering a sad cry. After that effort, his mother told me he appeared subdued, and lay tolerably still. He seemed to dread my approach. I did not touch his thigh, as it lay very well upon the pillow; but remained some time at play with him, and at parting shook hands; and kissing his chubby face, convinced my little patient that I was not so great a brute as he supposed me the night before to have been.

Third day.—Prevented from visiting him.

Fourth day.—Found him with his bed strewn with toys; he now looked smiling and more confident; glancing a look at me, then at his broken limb, and then at his fond mother alternately; seeming to say, How long shall I lay confined here? What confined him? nothing but that monitor, his own feelings.

The thigh appeared much drawn up, very close towards his body, which was a strong state of flexion of the limb not usual; not even in stepping forwards. The pillow had slid down a little, but otherwise the limb lay well, and I did not dare to alter or disturb the position into which it had been placed by natural action. Any attempt to move it, would have inflicted much pain on the poor little fellow, which we are always anxious to avoid.

For all that was done after the first, his mother's kindness had been sufficient; in bathing with tepid water, and then applying a cooling lotion; nothing more was needed. The boy lay at

ease, and I saw him no more for a week,—then ten days. At the expiration of the latter period, a circular plaster of soft oily matter, spread upon lamb's skin, was applied all around the fractured parts, over which a roller pressed upwards and downwards over the limb, firmly enough to support it, without giving pain. Thus at the end of three weeks he was brought down stairs, resting his thigh on the pillow; and in a month he walked with a straight limb; and now no eye nor hand can trace that it was ever fractured.

Remarks.—After the limb had been at first carefully set, there was nothing for the surgeon to do but to watch the position: all the little details of turning off and on the ends of the many-tailed bandage, could be done by a nurse. The danger of inflammation was over, for the swelling and pain assuaged together, and returned no more. His smiling face, occupied as he was with his toys, proved he did not suffer pain, therefore the danger was past.

CASE 2.—Richard Bickford, elder brother to the preceding little boy, aged seven years, on May 10th, 1838, was riding a donkey, and falling off fractured his arm, midway between the elbow and the wrist. The both bones were broken. The arm was doubled back, and the bones displaced. They were slowly reduced, and the limb inclosed in a bandage of many slips, laid one over the other. The hand half bent, lay over the end of the pillow. A lotion was sent him which the mother well knew how to apply, and also understood how to otherwise treat a fracture, from the experience she had gained by her attendance on her younger son's fractured thigh.

From the time of setting the arm and placing the fractured limb in its position, I heard no more of it until ten days after. His mother, passing through Newton, rode to the door, and said her son's arm was "quite straight and well;" and that he had begged hard to come down stairs two days before, in which his father had indulged him.

At three weeks' end I saw this lad: he had been sent an errand a mile distant alone; I waited his return, and found the bandage had not been worn for three or four days previously. His arm was firmly united, and straight as the other. A small knob of callus on each bone, indicated the precise points of fracture; and there was just enough to show that there had been a fracture.

Remark.—In this case it was an express agreement with the parents that they would send for me if further help was needed; but the like procedure I would not recommend to others, because it might not always be safe.

One reason for my assenting to the proposal was, that in some other examples of rapid restoration I had been taunted with the remark, "That it was the result of my close and extra-

ordinary attention to fractures, that such quick recoveries were mainly owing." This by the bye is an incorrect assertion, for those friends who best know, declare, that close attention is what they never knew me much famed for.

CASE 3.—A gentleman of London, who fractured his leg at Ipswich in Suffolk, called on me, and stated that his surgeon there (first leaving to the patient's option to choose the old or the new system) placed his leg on a pillow, as had been recommended by me in the *Lancet* for the October and November previous to his disaster. "And how, sir, did you feel after it was laid on the pillow?" "Better than I ever expected to have been under a fracture; for after three days I felt no pain, drank wine as usual, and in six weeks I was again on my journey, transacting business as usual." "Now," he continued, stamping his foot on the floor, "it is just as firm as ever." This was nine months after his accident, and two years and a half ago. That gentleman desired me to make what use I pleased of his communication, and to say that the surgeon who humanely attended him is — Sampson, Esq. of Ipswich.

Ye lads of the village! ye cockney and other metropolitan youths! will ye long hesitate in your choice of the means for yourselves, should you ever suffer from fracture? Ye would be foolish indeed to suffer your limbs to be cramped or benumbed under the fallacious plea of preventing evils which may by other and milder means be more safely evaded.

Ye parents who love your children above all things, suppose your cherished boy receives a stunning blow on the head, perhaps his skull is fractured; where does his fond anxious mother lay him? on a block of wood? no. Does she apply a band of iron or brass to his temples! no: she lays his sore and wounded head on a pillow, with a linen, the softest linen bandage around it, and the surgeon himself thus leaves him to repose. But on the contrary, if his arm, thigh, or leg is broken, then wood, iron, tin, and every such pain-giving absurd appliance is thought necessary for it; and merely because the first semi-savages used those things, and modern surgeons have not yet cast them away.

I now close these preparatory arguments, and leave them with the facts themselves to the ordeal of British good sense to reject or adopt the improved practice. Some persons may after all despise the simplicity of our means, but remember

" 'Tis simple axioms that must guide the mind,
The noblest and most splendid truths to find."

The *trangrams* of fracture surgery are any thing but simple, with the exception of a hard splint, which is a mere flat piece of board, and is as simple and rude a thing for the purpose, as

any simpleton could think of. The implement first at hand of untaught ignorance it originally was, and back again it must revert to the more and more ignorant in society, until it ultimately rests in the hands of the last and least informed person who undertakes the management of fractures. Be that period remote, as it undoubtedly will, I shall here venture to predict that posterity will arrive at a period of refinement, knowledge, and wisdom in the art, when he who systematically applies a splint or any such bungling engine to a fractured limb, shall, in so doing, be considered not a surgeon, but a barbarian, for prolonging a system replete with folly and with cruelty.

I will now explain to young folks the design of a few of the little plates, that were executed at my house by Mr. Edwin Gill, a young artist of Exeter, whose well-ordered conduct won my esteem. To you, then, who value right intention, rather than to find food for carping, little apology will be required for my endeavours to make a dry subject somewhat interesting; for there is enough of real, unavoidable diurnal evils in the world, without indulging in a strain of wail and lament on every occasion. Pardon me, therefore, you who differ, for my endeavours to light a cheerful ray or two over those "in doleful dumps." For

"To be troubled in one's trouble
Only makes the trouble double."

On the first cover, a man is placed in the apartment of a real John Bull, whom he is supposed to address thus:—"What! Mr. Bull, have they been practising the cure of fractures ever since the days of Noah and of Hippocrates, and have not found a better mode than to strap up our limbs tight in board splints? I begin to think that system of cure, forsooth, must be wrong; for if my sound limbs, which are thus as you see splint-bound, give me such horrible pains, what misery must be endured by him whose limbs are broken and sore!"

To which friend Bull replies:—"True, my son, but under the new system of the Devonshire surgeon at Newton, look at the freedom I now enjoy! He first laid my broken limb to repose on the downy pillow of ease, free there to participate in the curative influences of nature without pain or constraint! See, our old splints are in that fire; and I can now safely recommend the new system to all my friends, and to all the world. Pillow and bandage then for ever!"

In further weaving the tale, the dear idea of a sea-girt monarchy so peculiarly English as ours, impelled me to place one of that class of men in the fore ground. But of all classes of men in all countries and in all ages, the poor tiller of the ground, the day-labouring peasant, has had the hardest lot; has ever been most subjected to want and privation. Other grades of men are

associated in greater numbers, and when a bad accident happens to one among them, there is a union of feeling and of action of the many in his behalf. But the poor peasant labouring almost alone, and residing with his little family in some lone cottage, remote from aid, both time and toil are required to enable the helping hand to give relief. Here the comforts of life in distress are few, and of their frequent destitution the general inhabitants of the crowded city know but little; and while they eat bread of the best, we hope daily, perhaps many feel not much interested for this humble patient class of men who toil to produce it. May the time come when the peasantry of England shall receive a higher rate of reward for their labour.

It is more particularly for those meritorious natives I have woven the story, and placed them prominently before the public. Pity them, then, for no briskness of trade rises their wages from eight shillings a week, or nine to nine-and-thirty. One unceasing round of toil in summer's heat and winter's cold is theirs, for so small a pittance, that must ever keep them paupers, unless advanced.

But not for them only, for the soldier enduring fracture in the field, for the noble tar pent up in the far-famed wooden walls of our defence; and for all the fine fellows who toil for us on shore, are these truths of long experience penned. To deliver them from the dominion of the hated splint, that has too long tyrannized over its subdued victims, is my purpose; and not for those only, but all men in all countries.

The rich, and those refined by knowledge, and the well-informed, will soon avail themselves of the most merciful plans, and the best-conducted modes: many of them have been benefited already. My thanks to the merciful, the enlightened medical men from whom they received their assistance. Indeed I have heard of late, that in our metropolitan hospitals, the splints are now padded that before were applied bare, and girded on to painful limbs without aught soft between. I rejoice at the change for the better; and shall feel more happy when they are laid aside, with the lumber of ages.

What difference is there between a soft padded splint and a pillow? why the form and appearance of things, and nothing more. Why not reject them at once? No, that would be a stretch of liberality too great. It never can be endured that the lights of the world should receive any illumination from persons in obscurity. But I forbear; cling to your splints to the last, and hold on the fracture-box with pertinacity, you who prefer them; until public good sense shall urge you on to confer the superior advantages of a safe and painless practice on those who suffer. That good sense is now appealed to.

Let me address the hospital Howards of the day on one

subject. The labouring men of England, generally, recruit their wearied bodies on a feather bed, when at their homes; but when one of them meets with fracture, he is often taken to an hospital, and there laid upon a hard flock matrass. For chronic disease of long continuance, a firm matrass is best; but for a man prostrated by sudden injury it is quite a different thing; and a soft bed is a mercy. For where a man with fracture is laid on a hard bed, instead of one that is soft and yielding, his sleep is thereby interdicted. The great pain incidental to the injury, with mental anxiety to boot, will naturally make him restless; splints and tight bandages are often girded on; and what from the pain from the condition of the limb, and still more from what is imposed by a senseless practice, the poor fellow has a miserable time of it; and the funds are uselessly expended in keeping him a burthen there, to the prejudice of others. Until these things are improved, some may think that poor fractured folks are taken to an hospital more for their punishment than for their advantage. I speak with a proper boldness from much observation in these matters, in various parts of my own country; and I beg this remonstrance, as there is no selfish motive in it, may not be censured or pass unheeded.

To those, who instead of a humble but higher dependence on nature's curative laws, are grown old in the perverted assumings of art, and think them scientific; my recommendation of the improved modes may appear too glowing. Not so to you, O ye favoured youths of the age of science, and of art advancing, in which you are and must be placed. Shall your limbs when broken, be fast bound in the hard fate of galling splints of wood and iron? I trow not. Rejoice then in the accomplishment, in the full fruition, not of this only, but of many a brilliant reality, of many a conquest over difficult undertakings, of which our grandfathers, in their moments of the most sanguine anticipation, never dreamed success. Be encouraged in the vast scope for observation, for invention, for improvement, that boundless lies before you; and though many a first essay may be made like mine was, twenty years ago, in doubt and uncertainty of the result; amidst many difficulties, and assailed perhaps by the amusing, or annoying derision of those who could not comprehend enlarged views; yet persevere, that the effort may be crowned with success.

It was thus with Fulton, who invented a steam-engine for the propulsion of vessels against the opposing elements, as they are falsely called, of air and water. All who invent new things, the tendency of which is to turn the old ones upside down, are at first laughed at. It was so with the great physician, Doctor William Harvey, whose biographical memoir you may peruse in Dr. Mavor's British Nepos.

Doctor Harvey it was who discovered the circulation of the blood, which fact dispelled many of the reveries of the would-be sages of that age, and of previous ages also. It is said of him, that "he was traduced by the dull plodders in the trammels of prejudice, who, if they were not able to confute him, raised a war of words, in which argument was lost, and truth and reason were treated as the worst of foes." He complained also, that instead of benefiting him, his magnificent discovery prejudiced him in the eyes of his envious brethren, and other persons, who were led more by authority than by their own good sense. But truth and reason ultimately triumphed.

I shall only offer this comment; it has been the cause of complaint with me also, that my invention has been a loss instead of a source of gain to me. Restoring patients rapidly, I have been paid rather by time, and the quantum of labour and attendance given, than by the merits of the assistance. Still good has been done, and I feel glad of it. For it has been demonstrated by comparison, that the despicable expedient of splintering broken limbs is of no value, and of no kindred to the divine art which restores the heaven of ease, by first banishing pain. Hereafter it shall be further demonstrated that it had been better for many if they had never received such aids (falsely so called) at all; but had simply rested on the great restoratives, quietude, and nutrition, alone.

By the one act of binding-on various shaped boards, science dwindles down, and is debased to mere quackery, to a mere mechanic art; "by line and by rule," strapping on such sorry apologies of manual surgery. But the position we have advanced, "That fractures are curable without the aid of splints," is a truth already well supported; take one other proposition, "That all fractures curable under splints, can be far more safely and speedily restored without them." This will one day become an axiom in fracture practice, "never to be controverted more." This course I shall follow and defend; giving my last reason for doing so, in the language of an elegant writer—"Humanity inclines, religion demands, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses of our fellow-creatures; and a true heart-felt benevolence will prompt us not only to scatter benefits, but to strew flowers in the rugged ways of this wretched world."

I am, yours, &c.,

W. C. RADLEY.

*Newton Abbot, Devonshire,
December 1st, 1838.*



GENERAL ADDRESS.

ALL the world o'er, and Victoria's lieges
 Who endure broken limbs, th' hard splint besieges ;
 But you who treat fractures, the practice renew,
 And *away with the Splints !* no good can they do.
 Don't pain fracture patients, nor call them of use,
 All use of a splint is a *galling abuse* ;
 Then banish the splint from Albion's fair isles,
 From Ireland's green fields, and from Scotland's defiles ;
 Then Sawney no more begalled by a splint,
 Shall moan, and lie gazing on mountains of flint ;
 Nor Erin, dear Erin, wear th' odious splint clog,
 But lay her foot on th' pillow, "soft as a bog."

Banish splints from the Army, and from th' Navy,
 From sea-boats let them be sent "down to Davy."
 No long splints for *tars*—but to fish the fore mast,
 Or strengthen their mizen 'gainst th' fierce stormy blast,
 Or lash up a spar, then with nautical grace,
 Drinking health to their Queen ! let them splice th' main brace.*

* *Splicing the main brace*, is when a brave seaman drenched with wet, takes a dram, and drinks success to the wooden walls of Old England.

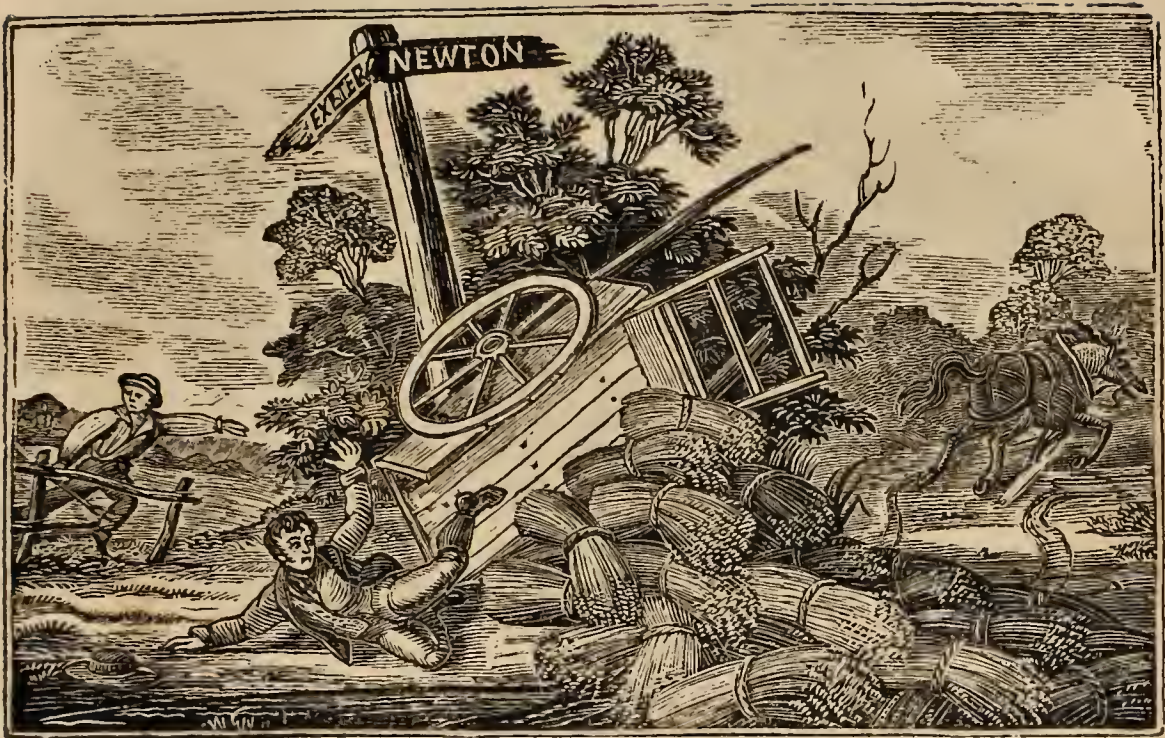


MEADOW SCENERY NEAR NEWTON ABBOTT, DEVON.

BUT far from tented fields of Mars,
 And ocean's ships with foemen fill'd,
 Live humble swains, remote from wars,
 By whom the stubborn soil is till'd.

They, uprising early, plant th' grove,
 Or smooth the sod beneath our feet ;
 Where nimble youths may skip or rove,
 The peasant's friendly smile to meet.

For you the stalled ox he feeds,
 Or folds the lamb, or sows the grain ;
 And stores you all that hunger needs :
 Then ever love the lowly swain.



IN harvest hours he toils in haste,
 To "house" the sheaves secure from waste ;
 To pile the load he's always ready,
 And on it rides—to keep it steady.
 Driving in Devon "Je up !" "come hither ;"
 Without reins to guide hither and thither :
 While in ev'ry place some lads drive careless,
 Aiming at the hope of seeming fearless.
 But the horse taking fright upsets the wain,
 And off he goes bounding with high disdain ;
 In a wild gallop o'er the charming plain !
 And brute-like leaves his driver to his fate ;
 O ! let us turn and know his hapless state.



AH ! there lies the poor man who drove the wain,
 Hark how he groans while he's writhing in pain !
 His leg, only see, is broken in twain !
 Convey him quickly to some friendly door,
 Ye rich ! have mercy on the lab'ring poor.



UPHELD by a friend that's humble and good,
 Behold th' poor man who till'd corn for our food ;
 Alas ! he is poor, has not any pelf,
 And labour'd for others, more than himself.



AND here's the spruce fir that grew on the plain,
 That shaded the leg when broken in twain ;
 Where late it hung o'er with cooling relief,
 Its light branches waved to solace th' grief.
 But this flourishing tree the axe has hewn down,
 And spoil'd of its top for splint-makers in town ;
 Who strangely assist in some surgeons' renown.

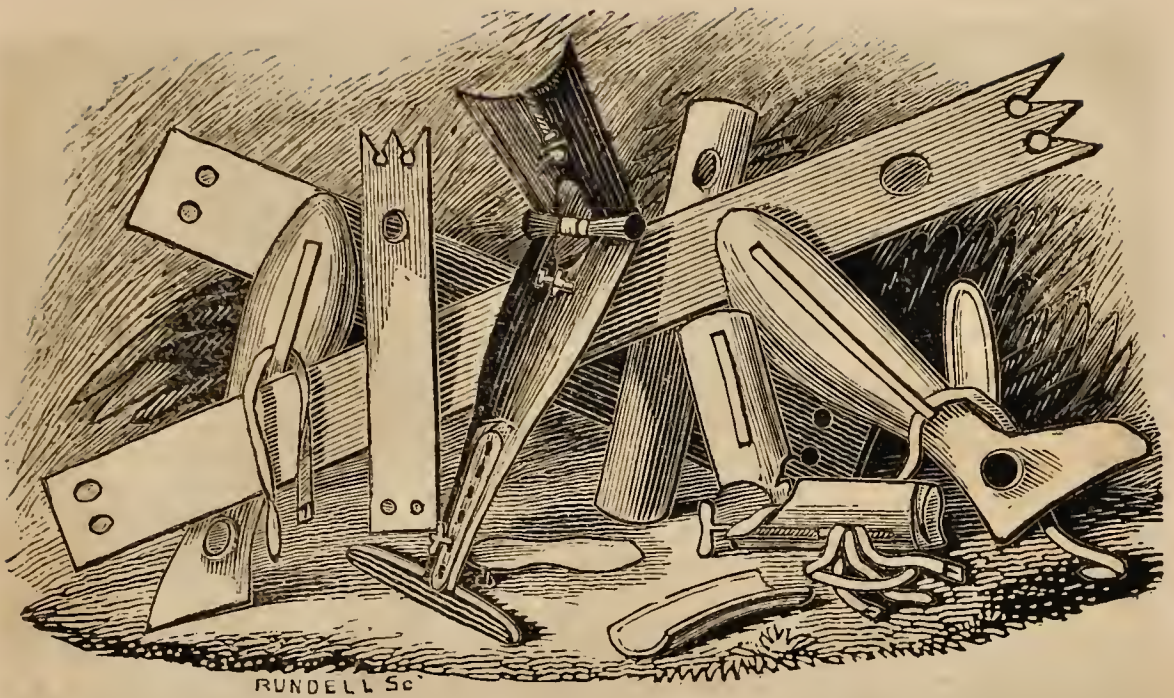


HERE is a saw, and some labouring men,
 Who toil for th' shilling, and little complain,
 Who cut up hard logs—to ease broken legs,
 Which common sense doubts, while Sylvia begs
 That no more handsome trees may flourish in vain,
 With their light spiry tops waving o'er the plain ;
 Then lie spoil'd to make splints, limbs fractur'd to pain.



IN making board splints see this man ill employ'd,
 Pug chatters the while, and would feel overjoy'd
 While eyeing his master, no doubt, could he tell
 The worth of a fracture-box, made just to sell.
 And splints, useless things; the vilest expedient,
 Unfit for dogs; nor safe, nor convenient;
 Made for unsurgical folk with hearts like flint,
 Who, in spite of sound rules, still use the old splint,
 That on a swoln limb, its base form does imprint.

This monkey, the emblem of mischief you find,
 Shows how to splint arms; pray are you so inclin'd?



SPLINTS are made, some of tin, of iron, of cane,
 Of pasteboard, and whalebone, or cut with a plane ;
 Of lacquer'd japan, or of hard galling wood,*
 Long, short, broad, and round, but not one that is good.
 And these are th' relics of barbarous ages,
 Commended and us'd by some modern sages
 Whom prejudice sways ; or on shallow pretence,
 These obsolete plans still bear down common sense.
 Such is the fracture-box, and all those resources,
 Bas'd on principles false, that still run their courses.

And these are the splints which torture like racks,
 A merciless force, unworthy of quacks :
 The barbarous splints, old fashion'd, and vain,
 Of no use on earth, but to give th' limbs pain ;
 Or keep them unsound for increase of gain !

* Read a Surgical Instrument Maker's Catalogue, Article *Splint*.



Now return'd from this lengthy digression,
 To th' man whom yon cot holds in possession ;
 Where they soon carried him who drave the wain,
 When the horse ran away disdaining the rein ;
 And left him alone to writhe in his pain.

There comes Bonesetter Rough, th' splints in his pocket,
 Upon his grey dapple, poor old blind Rocket ;
 Who carries his master to splint legs and arms,
 Pillows lessen th' fees, so for him have no charms ;
 Thus in country and town, e'en those who have brains,
 Contemn all inventions that lessen their gains.



Lo ! there sits the poor fellow all in a sweat,
 How the men tug at his leg the bone to set !
 Our bonesetter Rough seems to yield a short truce,
 For th' fracture's compound,* which he fails to reduce.
 Now bonesetter Rough is beginning to fret,
 The poor man in pain shall I ever forget ?

There his children looked on in fearful surprise,
 Whilst the tears of keen anguish flow'd down from their eyes.

* This is not an ideal picture ; the pully-haully method is too often resorted to for the purpose of reducing fractures, instead of the gentle but sure aid, which true science gives.

A compound fracture means, that a point of bone is forced through the skin, which makes a wound dangerous in its consequences.



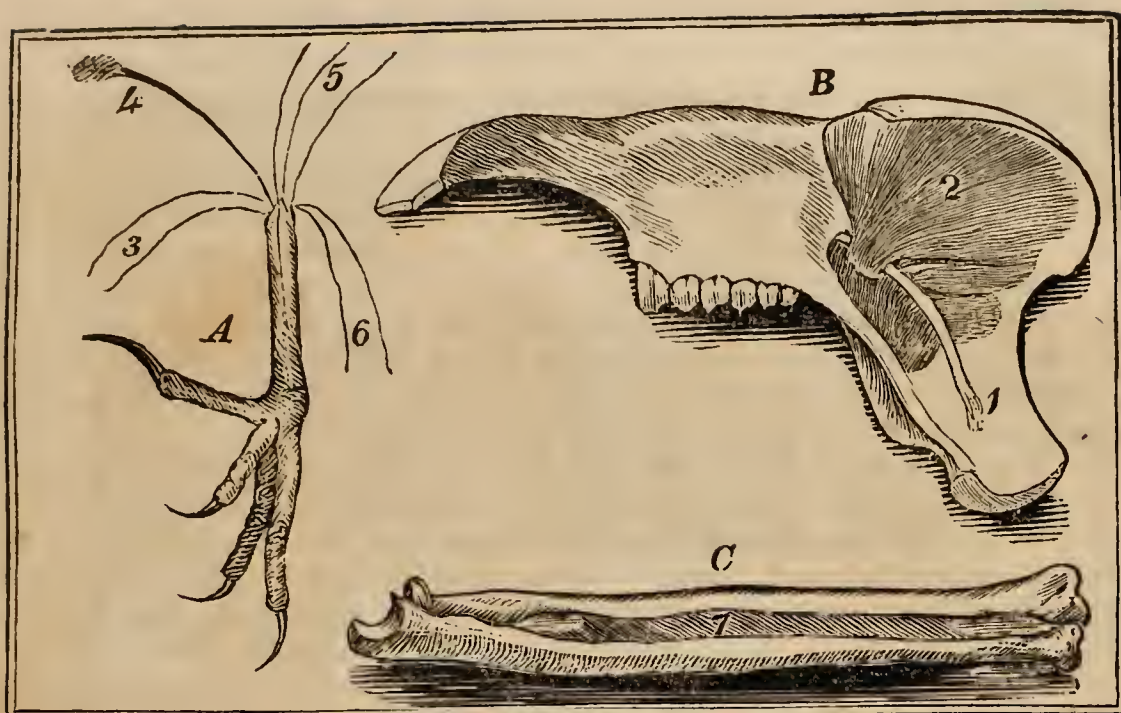
'Tnis suffering man whose leg's broken severe,
 You cannot set straight; so your pulling forbear :
 His periosteum's* rent, and th' muscles† you squeeze ;
 And the fibres‡ may perish your fashions to please :
 While his tissues§ you crush 'tis bad as a fetter :—
 For a good surgeon I'll send.—Sir, you had better.

* The *Periosteum* is a strong membrane or firm skin-like covering to the bones; for it lays upon and surrounds them; and in fractures is frequently lacerated.

† The *Muscles* and the flesh are only different names for the same substance: the muscles are composed of fibres that in living animals have an elastic power, by which they pucker up, or contract. This action draws one part of the body to another, and is called the muscular power; and by it all parts of the body and limbs are moved.

‡ *Fibres*, united thread-like together, form parts, as the muscular fibres. In boiled tough beef those fibres are obvious enough, and are easily separated into minute filaments.

§ *Tissues*.—The cellular tissues are the rudiments of animal bodies, in which other parts are deposited. They unite, connect, and sustain other soft parts of the system.



THE ANATOMY OF MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

YE bonesetters rough, that mar th' patient's repose,
 Who, when pinch'd and tight bound, can slumber or doze ?
 Th' arteries,* the veins,† to press, with force so unkind,
 To stupidly brace us where ligaments‡ bind,
 Soft ease and sound sleep you send to the wind.
 Our skin§ to fret, and the cell-structure|| to close,
 'Till the limb is cold as a frost-bitten nose.

* *Arteries* and *veins* are the all-important vessels or tubes, through which the blood is distributed to every part of the body. The blood rushes from the left side of the heart through the arteries to every part by a succession of jerks; and at every jet of blood the stroke can be seen, or felt by the finger at the wrist; and this motion is called pulsation, or the pulse.

† *Veins*.—The veins receive the blood from the minute terminations of the arteries, and convey it in a slow stream and without pulsation back again to the right side of the heart. This unceasing round is called the *circulation of the blood*, perpetually going on during the continuance of animal life.

‡ *Ligaments*.—These are tough bands that connect and strongly bind the bones together. The two bones of the fore arm, called *radius* and *ulna*, are a pair that display a fine example of ligamentous union: see the plate, fig. c. The *radius* is uppermost; the *ulna* lies beneath: and the ligament (fig. 7), called the *interosseus ligament*, because it passes between these bones, and binds them like fast friends together. Hence when one is broken, the other being sound supports its fellow; and when both are fractured, the ligament prevents them from being much separated. The same description and remarks apply to the *tibia* and *fibula*, the pair of bones of the leg; and each of the four becomes the only splint to the other that is natural and good.

§ Children well know what the pain of sore skin is. Every point of the true skin is exquisitely sensible and irritable, from the nervous influence pervading it. The outer skin is called *scarf skin*, and is very thin and delicate.

|| *Cell-structure*, or the cellular structure, seated immediately within the true skin. It is these cells which the butcher fills with air by blowing into them with a quill, after killing sheep and calves; showing that the cells communicate one with another. Horse-jockeys also know how to blow up the hide of a lean horse, and thus for deceptive purposes make him look fat.

The *nerves** to pinch, and the fascia † to crush,
 Makes the tendons ‡ to start, and the blood § to rush :
 While you coolly look on and say, 'Bear it.' Tush!

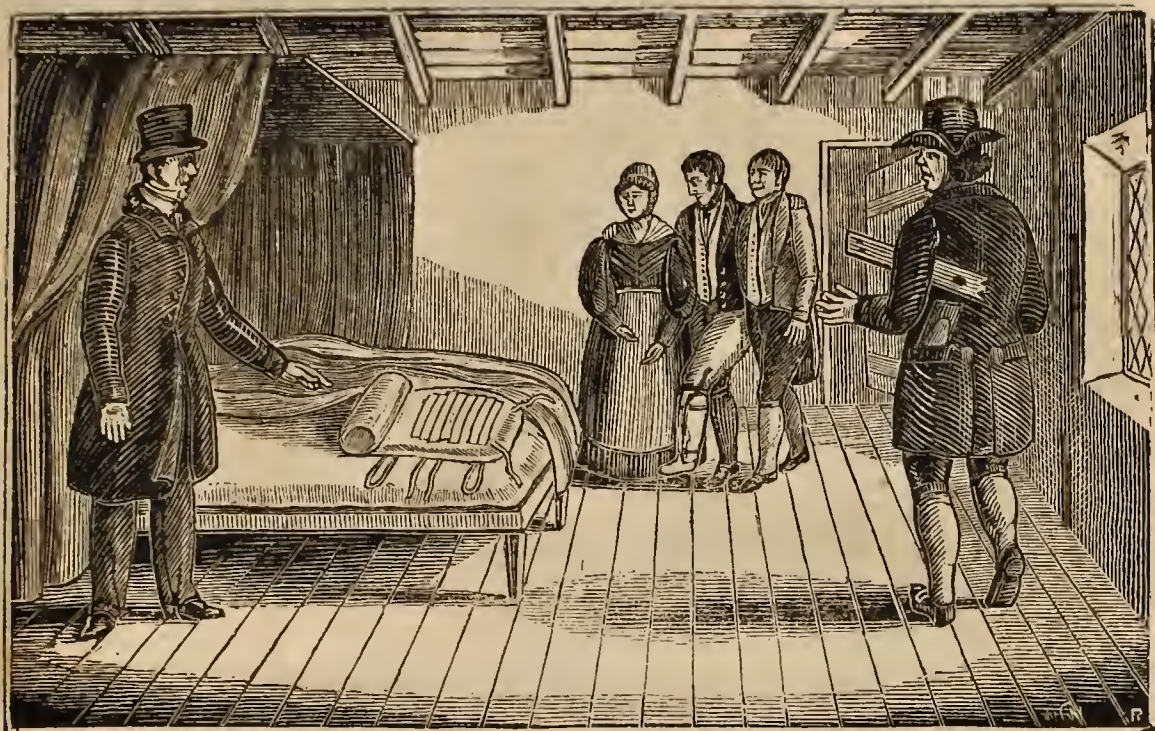
* *Nerves*: the nerves, the *nerves*! they are the organs of sensation in every atom of our bodies. They are white silk-like threads or cords of various sizes, proceeding from the brain to every part. The nerves are the only parts that feel; and in some unknown way convey sensation to our minds. Perception and volition depend on their existence. In all injuries and derangements of health, they alone suffer pain, and convey a sense of the infliction to us. By them we see, hear, smell, taste, and feel: by them we speak, and perceive or understand all communications.

Thus it is the state of the nerves in our limbs that requires the untiring aid of the physician, the surgeon, and the nurse in fractures, far more than the broken bones. These once set straight, lie still; not so the nerves: they must be soothed, or there is no rest for mind, body, or limbs while they are pinched by splints and tight bandages. The nerves are the prime ministers of volition, and excite the muscles to action when they are offended: hence some bonesetters (I cannot call them physiologists or surgeons) have bound up fractured limbs tight, until the nerves being benumbed, and thus for a time losing their feeling, have allowed the limb the benefit of a temporary respite. Fig. B. of the plate is one half of a rabbit's under jaw. 1. points to the extremity of the *inferior* maxillary nerve passing into the lower jaw, defended in its course by (2.) a beautiful fan-shaped collection of muscular fibres, passing over and protecting that nerve from any injury that might otherwise happen to it from hard substances taken into the mouth, &c. Neurology, from its vast importance, comprising as it does the organs of all our feelings, and every sensation both in health and disease as well as in injuries, demands the first place in the consideration of medical and non-medical men.

† *Fascia*.—This is a strong sheath that surrounds the limbs from joint to joint like a tight sleeve, laced stocking, or tight pantaloons. When a limb is swollen, the bones if broken within, and the muscles too, are confined tight enough; to say nothing of the state of the poor nerves thus squeezed, and which are distributed through every part. If the bonesetter would leave his grasping and close binding to the fascia, might he not be less pressing with his apparatus and splints?

‡ *Tendons* are cords or pulley-cords to draw parts to or from each other by the contractile force of the muscles to which they are attached. Thus a little boy finding the toes of a fowl that the cook has thrown away, pulls a string, and observes the claws or toes of the fowl are bent close or are extended at his pleasure. That string is a tendon; and the muscular power of the little boy represents how the muscles in the leg of the fowl acted upon its tendons, before they were cut away and divided from each other. In figure A. is shown the tendons of the foot of a greenfinch. They are very minute, and may be separated by a needle after maceration in water for a day or two. 3 is the flexor and extensor of the heel claw. 4 is the common flexor of the three front claws. These shut the little bird's hand, for it is both a hand and foot to him, though we call it only a foot because they stand on it. 5 are each a proper flexor to each of the three front claws. 6 extends the small claws, and the other the foot. Here is mercy to a little bird! to enable it to grasp a twig, and ride upon it in safety, without being blown away or dashed to the ground when the mighty storm sweeps through the forest. There are five flexor tendons acting on its claws, to forcibly keep them closed; while to extend or straighten out these claws when the bird would relax its hold, there are but two extensor tendons, because that act requires no effort. Here is *design* in creation; part and parcel of that creative intelligence which, foreknowing the wants and the dangers of its creatures, provided the means of supplying the one, and arming them against the other.

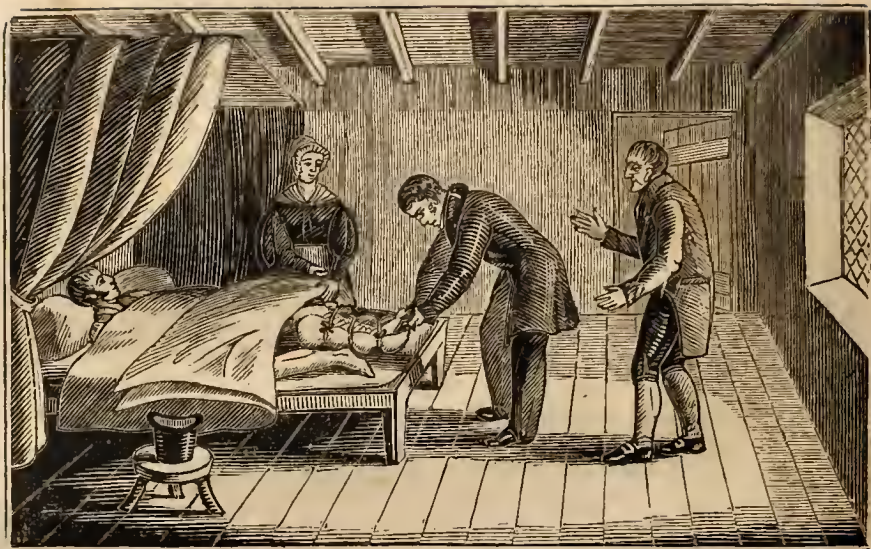
§ The blood is the fluid which conveys in it the principles of nutrition to the



VIEW th' soft bed, the pillow and its cordon,*
 With eighteen-tail'd bandage spread thereupon.
 "Come hither, my friends, and rest the poor man ;
 We'll lay his torn limb as light as we can.
 Pray, Bonesetter Rough, do not look so gruff ;
 Nor hobble away on your toes in a huff."
 He limps off with the splints as fast as he can,
 And is only one of the numerous clan,
 Who in much the same way would serve the poor man.
 Is not Bonesetter Rough a name good enough
 For all those who use splints, and such galling stuff ?

body. Hence when a broken limb has been tight bound for weeks and months on a stretch, the blood-vessels are compressed ; the circulation is impeded ; and the limb is only partially nourished, and remains weak and useless for a long period. Worthy of attention.

* Cordon is the French noun for a strap, cord, or band.



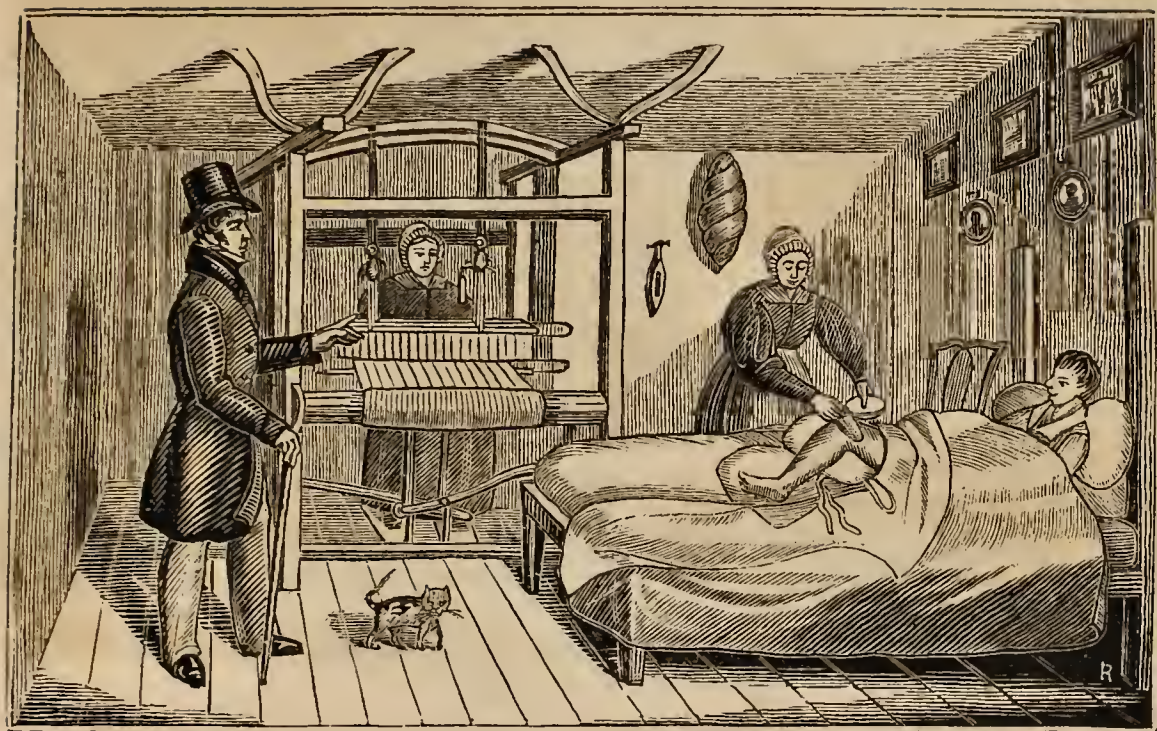
Now off are the splints, and away flies the pain !
 Within this soft pillow the leg shall remain :
 No hard galling foot-board* shall punish the sole,
 With heel fix'd on block 'till it frets in a hole.
 Here, with perfect success, despite all scorers,
 To keep th' foot up, pillows tied by th' corners.
 Then for lost sense of ease no more will he vex ;
 Nor dark foreboding fears his thoughts need perplex :
 No more old "*Renouer*"† shall torment poor "*Jambe*,"‡
 That now may lie still and repose like a lamb.

* Under a pretence of supporting the foot, by the old method (which is the present one in most cases) of placing a foot-board in contact with the sole, much pain was given; while the fractured parts were often forced from a good position to a bad one; and the wound made in the heel, by laying it "to rest," forsooth, for weeks upon a bare block, often required more time to heal that wound than it did to restore the fracture. See report of such a case in the *Lancet* for Sept. 1837, of one Peter Touse's fracture, published by authority from the North London Hospital; after resting a month on "the block," there was a sore on the heel which took seven weeks to get well.

† "*Renouer*" is good French for a bonesetter.

‡ "*Jambe*" means leg, and legs and arms are parts that mere bonesetters too often torment.

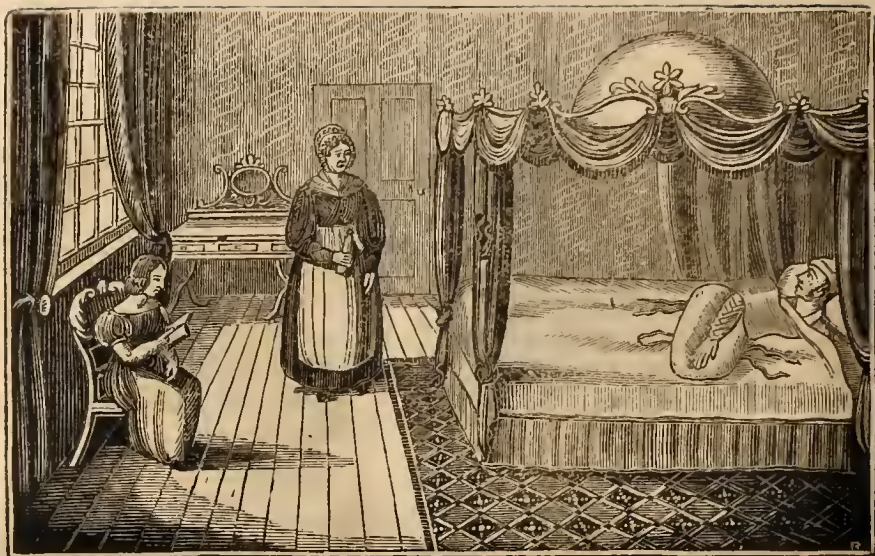
THE DEVONSHIRE SERGE LOOM.



SHOWING A LAD WITH FRACTURED THIGH LAID UPON THE PILLOW.

WITH thigh on th' pillow, and leg on another,
 Right easy he lies, as should our own brother;
 All on soft bed of feathers view the poor lad;
 He there must lie painless, his looks are not sad:
 The limb is much hurt and fractured you see;
 For 'tis black and discoloured adown to the knee!
 Keep it easy, good nurse, with th' lotion you've got:
 Bathe th' limb with it often: *skin must not get hot*:
 While easy 'tis well: what dunce says it is not?

* Only to understand the new method, will be to know its superior advantages, that will be much valued by the poor as well as the rich. For the operative classes, and the residents in North and South America also; in those vast tracts where the visits of their medical friend must of necessity be unfrequent: to sufferers thus situated, my homely details must be full of mercy; whilst their simplicity and ready adaptation to all persons of all ages, and childhood in particular, are its greatest recommendation. Managed by pillowing, the severity of a fracture is reduced to a mere contusion only; and nothing more than as bad contusions, should fractures in most cases be considered or treated.



A BROKEN FORE-ARM, WITH THE HAND SHOWN FLEXED OVER THE
END OF THE PILLOW.

For legs and arms broken, and all such mishaps,
Old fashion still buckles on hard splints and straps !
And th' fashion was ever, but now I expose
Malpractice so base, and most strongly oppose
Those methods of cure—so false and so foolish :
Tapes, pillow, and bandage soon will be modish,
Splints lie neglected*—rough bone-setters mopish.

* I have been repeatedly and pointedly asked these questions, Can you restore fractured arms straight without splints? My reply is, Yes, we do: nor had I ever a patient restored with crooked arm; nor ever used splints for that or any other species of fracture, nor ever shall, until it can be shown that more good is gained by them than misery inflicted. It is to splints that crooked and distorted limbs are owing; for instead of keeping the fractured ends of bone in close contact, they more frequently force them out of it, hence the general cause of their failure.

When a patient with fractured arm, takes it from the pillow, the swelling should have well subsided. A circular plaster spread on lamb skin should be applied close around, but not tight over the fractured part; and over this from joint to joint some slips of bandage, first dipped in laundress's starch. The limb should be kept still until this is well dried; when it will be very well supported for the sling, case, or trunk in which it may be carried.

Again, supposing a fractured leg or thigh has not been, from some cause or other, "well settled from the first." As soon as the swelling has been fairly chased away from the well-pillowed limb, the bones should be carefully and accurately reset; the limb well oiled should then be imbedded in plaster of Paris, and so held for a short time, until the plaster becoming indurate, would prevent the bones from being afterwards displaced. This is more secure, and will not gall like a splint, *which can never be fitted to every part like a cast of plaster*. Many surgeons at home and abroad have performed capital cures by this means. The starched bandage is also a most excellent means of investing compound as well as simply fractured parts; but as soon as the patient quits his bed, both the cast or starched bandage must be at once removed, or painful tumefaction follows. The circular plaster and roller would then finish the cure.



FRACTURE DOINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

Look zee, Dick !* there stands our old Bonesetter John,
 With round splints on his arm fast fitted upon.
 Th' wag heeds not his groan, for on sport he is bent ;
 Grinning, Doctor, d'ye like it ? now why this complaint ?
 On yourself prove the bliss of your splint'ring plan,
 Your sound arm is tight-brac'd, repose if you can ;
 Though much doubt have I, that no more can you rest,
 Than your poor patient did when he sat on th' chest.

If for your arm that's sound you set up this roar,
 With more cause may he whose limb's broken and sore.†

* Look zee, Dick ! among Devonshire country boys, is a common mode of inviting attention to look at or see any object that is striking.

† There is no limitation to the force of this argument. Try the experiment upon a sound arm or leg for a few days and nights only, when he who is subjected to the experiment, will be feelingly convinced of the egregious folly and the mischievous effects of thus bracing a sore and painfully broken limb.



FRACTURE TREATMENT IN TOWN.

ONE with roller in hand the bedside adjacent,
Has braced up their limbs, and looks quite complacent.
To the pains of old age splint torture is added,
For splints will give pain, although they are padded;
And the student, who's bless'd with most gen'rous intent,
While to work out the plans of false teaching he's bent;
Will bind on the splints, nor heed the patient's complaint.

Here's Hospital practice in the surgeon's strong-hold,
Where fractures are still tight braced, as of old,
Where not long since I saw this mistake of the schools,
They spliced up crack'd bones like carpenter's rules,
Tugging on at their splints like obstinate mules.
Where some spout the long season still unconvinc'd;
Who would choose th' soft pillow if their limbs were pinch'd,
For pain would demonstrate to him, false heroic,
Who would bear useless pain compos'd like a Stoic?
Or show us a man in all nature's complexions,
Who would coolly prefer splint-galling connexions;
If not, shall that system prevail without cause,
'Gainst the feelings of nature, and chemical laws?

Ye who musing at Caius,* or Oxford's Trinity,
'Tween hard splints and sore limbs, say, where's th' affinity?
By sound logic to prove such theorem would poze
The world's brazen fellows,—or of fam'd Brazen-nose.
But dear youths whom I love, who hard study at Guy's,
And each hospital throng for the surgical prize;
Of you I have hope, that bright Truth you will serve,
And prove to the world the importance of *nerve* :

* Pronounced Keys or kees.

That muscular force, with its big stupid rout,
 Would nonentity be, pow'r nervous without.
 Will prove what the splinterers brawl in dispute,
 A youth of the scalpel may ably confute.
 Thus, if you compress the nerves, their owner will move ;
 (Try on one that's asleep the position to prove :)
 But for weeks to pinch him whose nerves are quite sore,
 That surgeon inflicts a most merciless bore.

Now to close our confab, and end the dispute,
 To yourselves I appeal, who then can refute ?
 One wish fervid I'd make—that each splint-loving elf,
 To be rid of splint-folly, would wear them himself ;
 And to shorten splint-reign, let th' prejudic'd brother
 Long bear them as *tight* as they're fix'd on another.



Descanting on splints, the compeers metropolitan
 The bonesetter confront, from Dublin or Colyton.
 Thus men wrong altogether will hotly dispute,
 Though where all are wrong none can t'other confute ;
 And still in conceit, they're more wise than a nation,
 Who false rules support without prejudication :
 For slow creeps conviction o'er stoical reason,
 Through prejudic'd sloughs, where opposing is treason.
 Thus by long custom us'd, apparatus and splint,
 Are thought fit for limbs broken, as steel is for flint,
 Only show men it was in past ages the same,
 Th' great sufferings from them dwindled down to a name.
 " For you must bear th' pang, as did remotest ages,
 Dare you to doubt ? read splint law in musty pages ;
 Showing how crack'd bones were cur'd by ancient sages.
 And there in native style the splints are much defended,
 The men in wigs shall tell, how broken shins were mended."

Thence comes brute force, of what class so'er 'tis styled,
 The patient sad, must bear it,—too soon he's reconcil'd.
 And now perhaps, reader, you feel somewhat curious,
 To learn of all splints the sorts least injurious;
 Still among the splint sages that fact is unknown,
 For all say in all places the best is their own.
 Those in days of rude art us'd before we were born,
 Are laid by; for legs living the moderns adorn.
 When at peace those are laid, to be splinter'd no more,
 If the public voice rise not 'gainst splint'ring the poor,
 They will in hospitals lie splint-rid as before.
 For founded in error, 'mid stupid contentions,
 Great professors have boasted the queereſt inventions;
 'Midst them all, for life quiet, or if you would wed,
 Or nurse your crack'd bones, buy some huge fracture-bed;
 For there lying still; ('tis made so convenient)
 You can perform nature's functions expedient!
 A man thus with leg fractured rest did much lack,
Lay eleven weeks stretched on this bed on his back;
 Nor in all that long season, to his vast surprise,
 Was he ever permitted to turn or to rise!

Ye splint'ers forbear! Don't ye wish now to rate us?
 How great is the worth of such queer apparatus!

At length John Bull's ire is rous'd, where prying askance,
 He views the Splint'ers caballing with angry glance;
 His long confidence in them will soon have an end.
 Nor to cramps and splint-law his lost comfort will bend.
 But to prevent your splint-makers feeling quite cross,
 And lest splint-manufacture should prove a great loss,
 To claim of being useful they need not despair;
 A splint or two may be good, I freely declare:
 Though their "*round splints*" to limbs broken, cannot do good;
 They may make decent calves wrapp'd round legs made of wood.
 Or for him who else doom'd to hop on the other,
 Your "*straight splints*" might prop up the impotent brother.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

Ye abettors of splints that give mortals pain,
 To expose the mal-practice I dare not refrain.
 Ye proudly mistaken! ye blundering elves,
 The mal-treatment reform! reform it yourselves.
 And banish the splints; reject them for ever,
 No use are they now, and good they were never.

Could the world's bonesetters hear me, thus I would cry,
 Get no more useless splints, and those made lay by;
 For their use is abuse, no fracture they cure,
 Nor advance it one jot; while their pain is sure.
 Splints had much better rot, put your splints in the fire;
 My more merciful modes you all may admire.

To give ease is my system, bear it in mind,
 Broken limbs you can't treat too gentle and kind.
 For the speediest cure, alas ! is but slow,
 And he who shall suffer, this truth soon will know ;
 For Nature's resources (with your art conjoin'd,)
 Is long curing him who's with fracture confin'd.
 Then for all broken limbs our plan is most clever,
 Employing no other, nor will I for ever.
 If you're still on the land, or rock'd by the billow,
 That surgeon's most wise who aids by the pillow.

Then find you th' surgeon led by science—not conceit,
 And study the design in past page twenty-eight.
 There's a many-tail'd bandage the limb to put on,
 To wet and to replace the fractur'd part upon.
 You just untie th' pillow, the loops turn on and off,
 The limb need not be mov'd, though blockheads here may scoff.
 The hot steam* will fly off, the limb will get quite cool ;
 Well, the nurse can do this, who's not a simple fool.
 This yields th' patient ease when the surgeon's far away,
 When the limb is painful, 'tis bad to let it stay,
 Throbbing to be unbound though for an hour's delay.
 Heat makes tension, inflammation, and vast pain,
 The cure it does retard, and brings on mischief's train.
 Think not th' pillow light, won't support the bones enough.
 The softest feels full hard, when th' limb is jerk'd by cough ;
 And still the lightest down that nature's circuit knows,
 Will ne'er feel too soft for the sufferer's repose.
 The straps keep close th' pillow, although they brace it not ;
 To keep the patient painless, must not be forgot.
 First set him straight and easy, and then keep him so,
 Th' timid man need fear not the cure then wrong will go.
 But from th' first to do this will need attentive care,
 Not alone to set th' limb, but keep in progress fair,
 Pad the pillow on th' bed,† that parts may equal bear.

Thus in the best position settled from the first,
 The surgeon doing this, the patient must be blest ;
 In three to four weeks safe he may leave his bed,
 To work oft in a month, need not be afraid ;
 Or he may sit up, with limb on pillow laid.
 The methods all are ease, *soft pillowing will do* ;
 And if simply treated, the limb is straight and true.
 Thus some twenty years I've eased fracture pain,
 And these pearls of practice are above disdain.

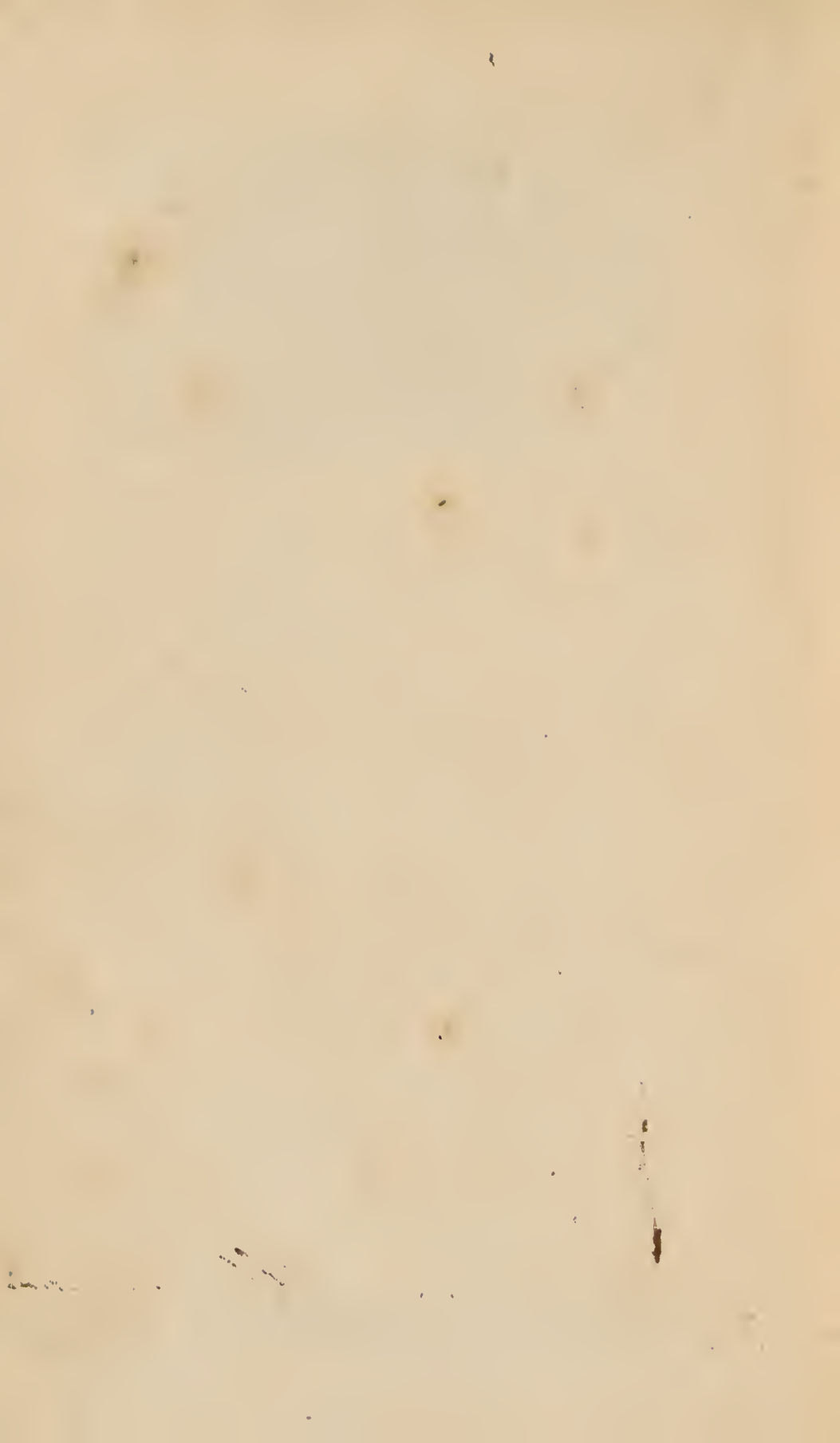
* Or the rarefied gases, if you prefer the language of chemistry.

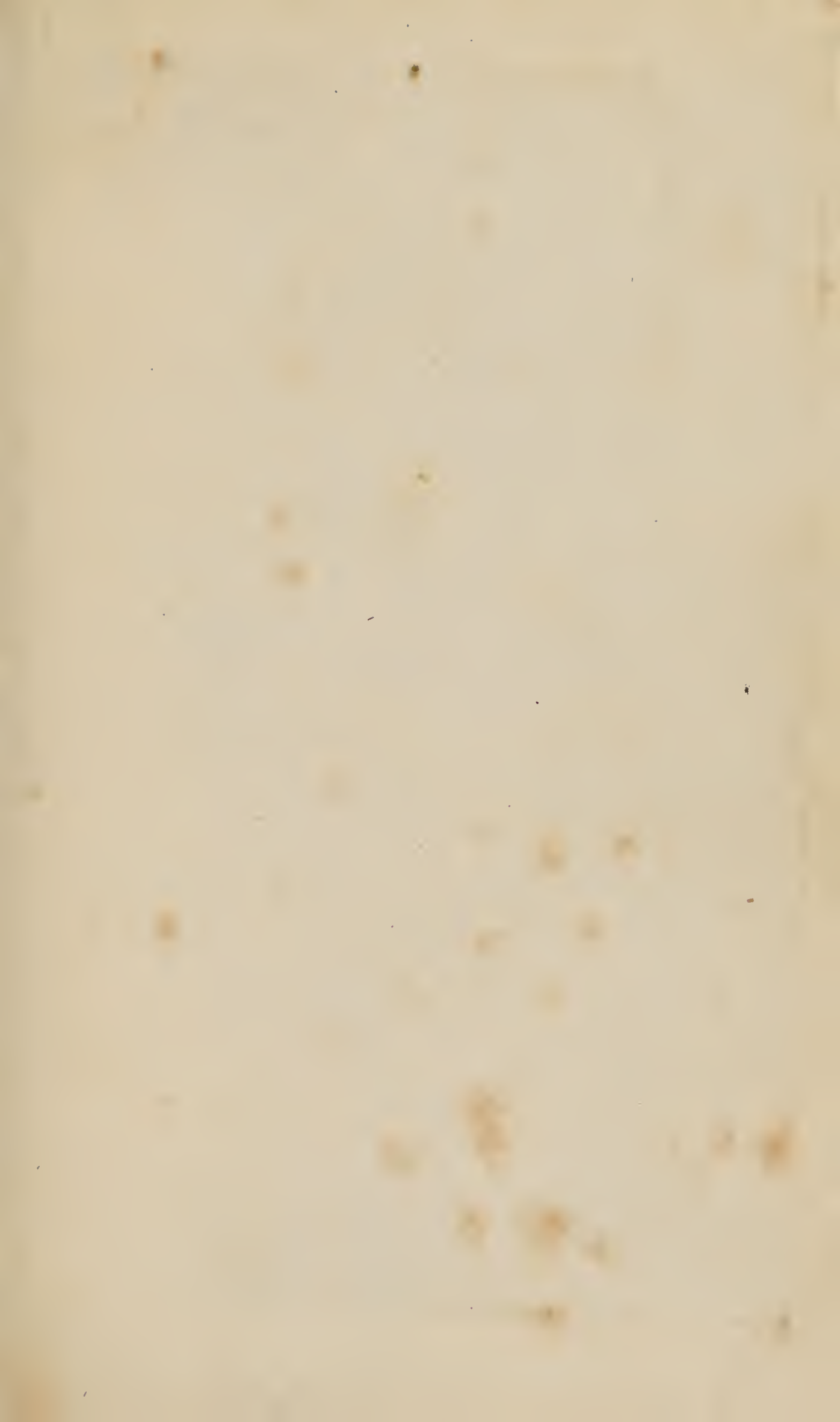
† This is a most important, though simple matter to attend to. If the patient complains of any part feeling galled, insert a little cotton wadding or rag on the point of a knife between the bed and pillow, both above and below the point which complains. It is attention to such trifling duties that keeps the patient easy ; he enjoys repose ; and the result is a rapid restoration of the limb, and the recovery of all its functions.

My rules all are ease, years twenty prove them true ;
 Original with me, freely giv'n to you :
 Heeding those rules, you may lessen some one's pain,
 Or yourself or friend relief by them may gain.

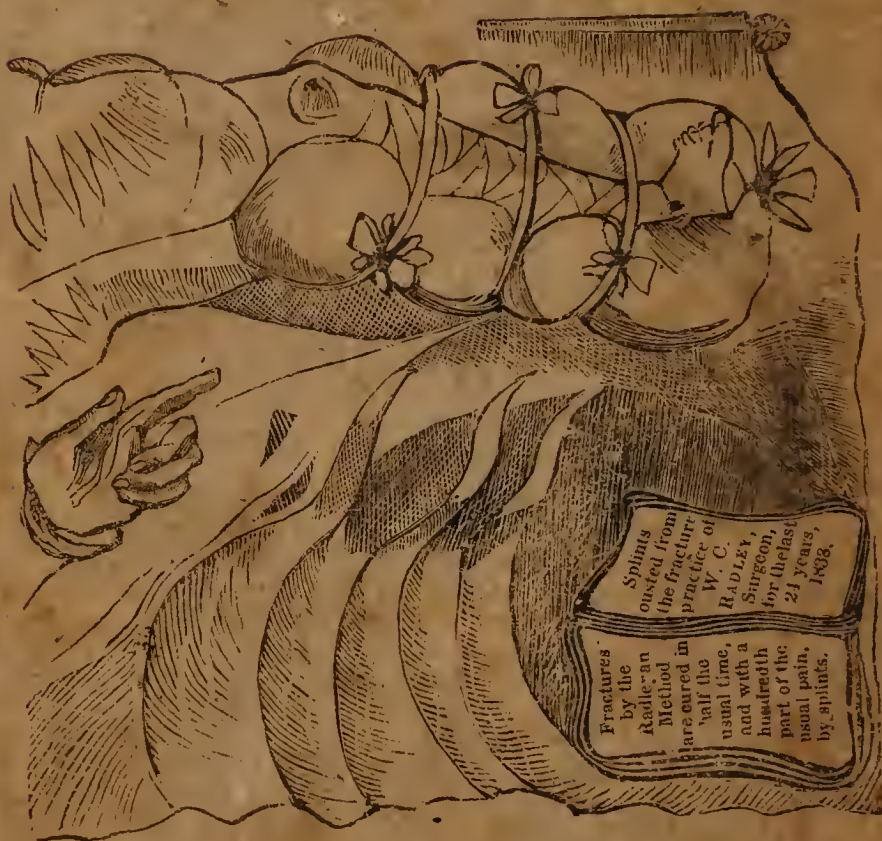
May those who in the Dock-yard build the noble ship,
 And they who skill'd in mining follow the lodes' dip ;
 May he that climbs aloft, and pillows on the sea,
 And he that cleaves the rock, or fells the stately tree ;
 May the lads of the loom, the foundry, and the scythe,
 Be well cur'd of their fractures, prosper, and live blithe.
 And men of all grades, and each noble Briton bless,
 All that's good for all men, promoting happiness.

Adieu, ye lovely youth, ye British youth, adieu !
 Sincere is this effort, with holy truth in view.





A FRACTURED LEG "SET" AT EASE IN THE CRADLE-LIKE PILLOW.



To "set" broken limbs this new mode has best sped ;
 Tape, three long pieces doubled, lay on the bed,
 These straps a soft pillow should then next adorn,
 With eighteen-tail'd bandage applied in due form ;
 The tapes laid in loops, and tied in a knot,
 More perfect contrivance for cure there is not.

On this bed put th' patient, with care lay him down,
 His limb on th' pillow, whether noble or clown ;
 A mode of cure certain, that merits renown